

The liverie of the warlike Maide appeares,
 Pure red, and white, for yet no beard has blest him.
 And in his rowling eyes, sits victory,
 As if she ever ment to correct his valour:
 His Nose stands high, a Character of honour.
 His red lips, after fights, are fit for Ladies.

Emil. Must these men die too?

Per. When he speakes, his tongue
 Sounds like a Trumpet; All his lyeaments
 Are as a man would wish 'em, strong, and cleane,
 He weares a well-steeld Axe, the staffe of gold,
 His age some five and twenty.

Mess. Ther's another,
 A little man, but of a tough soule, seeming
 As great as any: fairer promises
 In such a Body, yet I never look'd on.

Per. O, he that's freckle fac'd?

Mess. The same my Lord,
 Are they not sweet ones?

Per. Yes they are well.

Mess. Me thinkes,
 Being so few, and well disposd, they show
 Great, and fine art in nature, he's white hair'd,
 Not wanton white, but such a manly colour
 Next to an aborne, tough, and nimble set,
 Which shoves an active soule; his armes are brawny
 Linde with strong sinewes: To the shoulder peece,
 Gently they swell, like women new conceav'd,
 Which speakes him prone to labour, never fainting
 Vnder the waight of Armes; stout harted, still,
 But when he fiers, a Tiger; he's gray eyd,
 Which yeelds compassion where he conquers: sharpe
 To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
 He's swift to make 'em his: He do's no wrongs,
 Nor takes none; he's round fac'd, and when he smiles
 He shoves a Lover, when he frownes, a Souldier:
 About his head he weares the winners oke,
 And in it stucke the favour of his Lady:

His

His age, some fix
 He beares a char

Thes. Are the

Per. They are

Thes. Now a

Lady you shall see

Hip. I wish

But not the cause

Bravely about the

Tis pity Love should

O my soft harted

Weepe not, till I

Thes. You have

To you I give the

Fitting the person

Per. Yes Sir.

Thes. Come,

Their fame has

Good Friend be

Per. There

Emilia. Poor

Looses a noble

Scen

Doct. Her di

Then at other se

Jay. She is con

Little, altogethe

Dreaming of an

Broken peece o

Palamon lardes

Withall, syts it

Shee comes, you

Dough. I have

A downe a, and

Giralds, *Emili*

Fantasticall too

For in the next